

Before Christ Was I am

w/ Cleo on the Nile
knowing on which side
my bread's bartered,

w/ ee thinking
blueeyed
blueeyed,

w/ Dolphy saying "Dot's
vun *wonderarsch* y'got
there,Eva,

makes me wanna cum
and cum and I could
if a hairy Jew didn't
jump into

every

fuckin

thing!"

Ludwig asking *what? what?*
"I said if a hairy..."

I say how do you like
your blackeyed boys *und* girls,

Mr Death? while
Alan and Walt check out the bananas
--*not my brand of vice* I whisper.

So who ASKED you?their bawdy laugh
and dance and dance away, nice

turn, BuckandWing on down the produce aisle,
vaudeville *schticks!* Stop!
ALL of you clownish FUCKERS! This is

the time of the bottom line,
the bottom,bottomest line,Slime.

w/ Iacocca Ilks assenting
You bete your ass!
(and is an ass a life? Hey

Eva?)

An Historical Process

They slide
the huge blocks
in, rearm

their frigid right
against us;

with all that ice
crowding up,

they'll harden. It's
when you get anyone.

Said to a lady

What can I do
for you

this instant? I could
eat you

or buy
The New York Times.

A Later Invention

Fast abiding in such:
kiss beneath a groan-
ing tree as from

the jack-o-lantern houses those
speeches of our others
outwreathing in a cone.

Shadows harrowing stones,
ourselves in breath.

We dream

Irene,

I,too,take a great notion
but own

a lesser.

Shipping

Island: is-ness,
not isthmus yet

I,the same this

moment,and not,
allegedly more

stolid against
encroached

worlds I shun
for always,this

lonely trek,
leaving just one

minute too late,
fated to load up

again,both cargo
and cult.

Love These *Isms*

Femin for one
at its extreme
ladies

commandoraiding
this rapist just
acquitted in Germany,

cutting off all
further conversation.

For the *ballubaise*? Hey!
musical directors need
more ZOPRANOS. Lessssshope

they got the right one.
(Left one too)

Oh well fuck
a Muslim after lunch,
puttanigger down a day suh

great time to be livin,I sing a
walk in the park
The Rape of Nanking.

A Vision Sent Up

All these moaning and bitching
Italians in a field somewhere

with *women* swaying
in and out

attending to their MESS-
y needs. Neither role in *MY* training
I wait, therefore, but wryly

do complain. Eventually. *FUCK YOU!* they scream.
"Hey! Just for being

myself?" I riot back. "Give me a bREAK!"
NO! always you wait too long !